

Ποτήριον γλυκύπικρον.

LONDON'S

Bitter-Sweet-CUP

OF

TEARS

For Her late

VISITATION:

AND

JOY,

FOR

The KING's Return.

With a Complement (in the cloſe) to FRANCE.

Non nos ampullas, ———

By John Crouch.

LONDON,

Printed for THOMAS PALMER, at the Crown in
Westminster-Hall. 1666.

LONDON

THE

VISITATION

OF

FOR

THE

With a Compendium (in the close) to the same

By John Gough

LONDON

Printed by THOMAS TAYLOR, at the Press in
St. Martin's Lane 1784

The P O E M.

After a wanton *Century of Peace*,
 Which all things but *Obedience* did increase;
 Feuds and Rebellions midst *three Kingdomes* spread,
 Whose *Hellish* zeal took off both *Crown* and *Head*;
 Foul dregs contracted by *Intestine Wars*,
Ill-Aspects, and worse *frights* of *bearded Stars*;
 Rank *Exhalations* from the *Blood* was spilt,
 And *rankor* from *Impiety* and *Guilt* :
 After all these, with thousand *Causes* more,
 (Foreseen, though not *prevented*, long before;)
 The *Air* grown *sick*, and the *Contagion* high,
 Poor *Londoners* (not all prepar'd to die)
 Herd after Herd into the *Counstrey* throngs,
 While many force their way thorow *Forks* and *Prongs*;
 Some in wide *Fields* their *Tabernacle* pitch,
 And some both *Bed* and *Grave* make in a *Ditch*;
Provisions set at so unkind a *space*,
 The *sick man* dies, ere he can reach the place:
 One that had seen the *placing* of those *Cates*,
 Would not have judg'd them to be *food*, but *Baits*
 Cunningly planted to *deceive*, not *cherish* :
 'Tis sad by ill plac'd *Charity* to *perish* !
 Nay *London's Money* must not *pass*, but there
 All the *free Bounty* not of *Love*, but *Fear* ;

The *Plow-men* are as jealous of their *Lives*,
 As ever *Citizens* were of their *Wives* !
 But leave we *Rural hearts* to Rocks and Stones,
 And Survey *London's Sorrows*, Sighs and Moans.

As when our *Thames* with monstrous *Ebbe* doth fly,
 To wider *Straits*, and leaves his *Channel* dry ;
 The great *Fish* with his rapid *Streams* retire,
 Leaving the *less* and *weaker* to expire
 Upon the *thirsty* Sands, and *desolate* Shelves,
 Lost, and unable to *Protect* themselves :
 The like *destructive* and *unequal* Fate,
 Left *London* Streets too *Wide* and *Desolate* ;
 Threw out the *Wealthy* int' th' open *Air*,
 And leaves the *Needy* to Heavens *angry* care !

Trade *interrupted*, and the *Royal Burse*,
 Quitted and Empty as the *Cities Purse* ;
 While Steeples howling Day and Night, do call
 Thousands together to one *Funeral* :
 Our *Bells*, neither the *Old*, and *Consecrate* ;
 Nor the unhallowed *New*, could help our Fate :
 Not with *perpetual Motion* purge the Sky,
 Still *mid-night* and *meridian Arrows* fly.
 Graves *wide* and *deep* Gape like the mouth of *Hell*,
 In which *whole Lants* (now nearer Neighbours) fell ;
Fins round the *Church*, cast like a fatal Line,
 Threatned the *Sacred Pile* to undermine.

Pale Famine feeds upon the *Plague*; The *Poor*
 All *Searchers* grown, to find a *rich-man's Door*;
 If *One* in a whole *Street* live here and there,
 Their *Gates* are shut, either by *Pest* or *fear*;
 Perhaps some *brawny Usurer* stayes behind,
 Not to the *City*, but his *Avarice*, kind;
 Who dying 'midst his *Gold* and *Silver*, sends
 His *City-gods* to bless his *Countrey Friends*;
 Now happily by *Rusticks* us'd so well,
 As if they had Remov'd from *Heaven* to *Hell*.

Sometimes when *Charity* her self did meet,
 A poor afflicted *Creature* in the *Street*;
 Though warm'd *Passion* and *Preservatives*,
 Her trembling *Palme* contracts, and nothing gives;
 But fearing some *infected Hand* or *Breath*,
 Leaves the *starv'd Soul* to *pity* and to *Death*:
 Which now grew so familiar to the *Eye*,
 The present wonder was to *Live*, not *Dye*.

The Vault at *Westminster* so large and wide;
 Which every *Term* fill'd with a busie *Tide*
 Of lawfull *Adversaries*, (who, though mov'd
 With *Wrath* and *Spleen*, walk close as if they lov'd)
 How sad it looks! How like that *paved Hall*,
 Which did a *Christ*, and *King*, to Iudgement call.

Nothing

Nothing sold here, but *Oxford* and *L' Eſtrange*,
Two Sheets, the *Cities Market* and *Exchange* :
 Perhaps ſome *idle Squire* walks to and fro,
 Not knowing *what* to do, nor *where* to go;
 Till his *Dogs Appetite* barks, though in vain,
 And wiſhes *Arthurs Table* here again.

The Sacred Fabricks of *St. Pauls*, and *Abby*,
 Now (Synagogue like) ſerv'd with one *Scribe* and *Rabby*:
 No *Breath* the *Seats* nor *Organs* to Inſpire,
 Poor *Robbin Redbreſt* Sings for all the *Quire*;
 When this *ſad Reformation* firſt was ſeen,
 I thought *Sir Robert Harlow* had been *Dean*;
 Who *Broak* and *Melted* all was in his power,
 But dearly lov'd the *Images* o'th' *Tower*.

Mr. of the
 Mint.

Yet of the *Two*, this of *St. Peters Chair*,
 Is, if not *Beautiful*, in good *Repair*;
 When good *St. Paul* hath more of *Faith* then *Works*,
 Th' *East Chriſtian*, but the *West* not fit for *Turks*;
 Only the *King*, to ſhew 'tis not his *Guilt*,
 Has *beautified* all his bleſt Father *Built*;
Pauls *Reformation* do's moſt ſadly ſtick,
Rent in the *Middle* and turn'd *Schiſmatick*;
 And now may well *renew* his *juſt Complaint*,

St. Pauls Day,
 till this laſt
Convocation,
 not marked
 with red Let-
 ters,

He came *too late* to be our *Almanack-Saint* :
 Many I fear could wiſh both *Temples* down;
 T' enjoy (that *Ador'd Trinity*) in town;

King,

*King, Term, and Parliament; Great Cryes are made,
Not for St. Pauls, but (our Diana) Trade.*

Ah! but when *Westminster* or *London* meet,
Upon those *Peebles* of the *Royal Street*;
(Anenst that *White tower*, Rais'd by *Scotlands* Iames, Banqueting
house.
To gain *two Prospects*, of the *Park* and *Thames*)
They weep o're the discoloured Stones, and Cry,
Here sprung that *High Blood* first inflam'd the Sky:
Here was committed *Englands Capital Crime*,
The *Manster Plague* hatcht here, but born in time.

O then *bright Sun* o'th' *British World* appear,
To *Influence* Your Native *Hemisphere*:
Whose *Presence* (Light and Heat) all *Good* creates;
Whose *Absence* (an *Eclipse*) *Depopulates*.
Till You with *Oriental beames* Arise,
Poor *London* faints, peopl'd with *Winter flies*;
Which with *Consumptive* Legs and Spirits crawl,
To seek their *Sun* from *Cheapside* to *White-hall*;
The *Place* bereav'd of your *Presential Care*,
Must sink: Where you *breath not*, breaths no good *Air*:
Of those vast *Heaps* the *Sword* of *Pest'lence* flew,
Most died o'th' *Pest*, many for want of *You*.

But You are *Come* in *Charitable* hast,
The *first Return'd*, who went away the *last*;
When *noble Constellations* drag by th' way,
With many *lesser Planets* gon a stray;

Nothing

* Marigold, Nothing but your *warm Influence* could ope,
London, that long clos'd dying * *Heliotrope* :
 The *City* not with *grief*, but *triumph* pants,
 Each *Street* as busie as a Field of *Ants*;
 Your *Presence*, Barracado'd *Shops* and *Doors*,
 Opens as kindly as the *Spring* our *Pores* :
Bon-fires Salute You, and the New-tun'd *Bells*
 Chyme *Psalms of Ioy*, instead of *doleful Knells*;
 To purge the *Air*, no *Coal-fires* now need burn,
Magnificats do that for Your *Return* :
 Thus *Loyal LONDON* hath a *Ransome* paid,
 For that *Defection* the *Disloyal* made.

Heaven blefs Your Majesty, may You Advance,
Victorious Ensigns, through the Heart of France :
 And since your Vice-Roy has committed Treason,
 Be pleas'd sans Complement, to do him Reason :
 S. George shall go, and play a Game at Tennis,
 In * Agincourt, or elsewhere, with S. Dennis.
 * VVhere the French was bat by the English.
 Then over MONCK, and make your Dukedome good,
 Seal Albemarle once more with Gallick Blood;
 And let the Proclamation of proud Lewis,
 Proclaim Great CHARLES, who King of France the true is.

F I N I S.